

MARVEL
TEAM-UP

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



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MARVEL TEAM-UPTM

FEATURING:

SPIDER-MANTM AND THE FALCONTM

C'MON
FALCON--
WE'VE GOT 'EM
CORNERED!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK, WEB-HEAD! YOU
COME ANY CLOSER--
AND THE WOMAN
DIES!



INSIDE SPIDEY AND FALCON--
LOCKED IN MORTAL
COMBAT WITH THE MAN-
MENACE CALLED
MIDAS!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **SPIDEY and THE FALCON--TOGETHER!***

GERRY CONWAY / JIM MOONEY / VINNIE COLLETTA / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / LEN WEIN
AUTHOR ARTIST INKER A GOLDBERG, COLORIST EDITOR



I GUESS IT'S ALL PART OF THE SHITICK, AFTER ALL.



EVEN IF I'M NOT THE WORLD'S MOST LOVED SUPER-HERO--I DO HAVE SOME RESPONSIBILITIES--

--AND ANSWERING SCREAMS IS ONE OF THEM!

HEY! I KNOW THAT GIRL--IT'S GLORIA GRANT, ONE OF THE TENANTS IN MY NEW APARTMENT BUILDING!

SHE'S IN TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT--

--THOSE THREE KIDS ATTACKING HER LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

WELL, THAT'S OKAY--



--BECAUSE I MEAN BUSINESS TOO!

SPIDER-MAN!



TIME OUT, FELLAS. BREAK IT UP.

THIS IS YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB-SLINGER TALKING--!



FELLAS...?

WHAT'RE YOU GUYS-- CRAZY?

THEY'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING-- COMING AT ME WITH TIRE-IRONS?

DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT I COULD DO TO THEM?



I BETTER WATCH MYSELF...



I'VE GOT ONE FALSE CHARGE OF MURDER AGAINST ME ALREADY *--

--AND IF I USE MY FULL STRENGTH AGAINST THESE KIDS--

BAP!

* SPIDEY IS SUSPECTED OF KILLING NORMAN OSBORN --WHO WE KNOW WAS THE FIRST GREEN GOBLIN!--LEN.



--I MAY WELL BE ACCUSED OF ANOTHER!

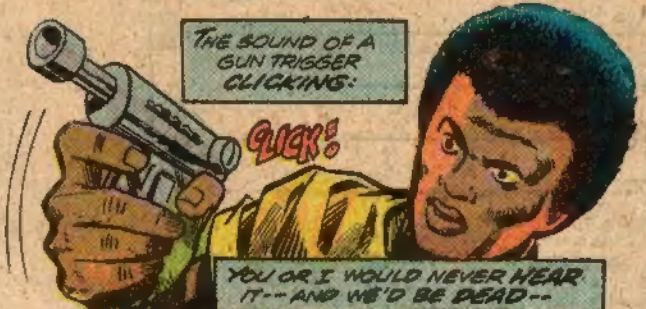


CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER, GANG?

THIS SORT OF THING ISN'T GOING TO GET US ANYWHERE.

IT'LL JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER SET OF BRUISED KNUCKLES--

--AND LAND ALL OF YOU IN A HOSPITAL!



THE SOUND OF A GUN TRIGGER CLICKING:

CLICK!

YOU OR I WOULD NEVER HEAR IT-- AND WE'D BE DEAD--







"AND THE PUPILS--
THEY'RE DILATED."

"HE'S
DRUGGED,
ALL RIGHT..."



"...AND UNLESS I'M
GROSSLY MISTAKEN..."



"...IT'S WEARING OFF..."

WHAT...
HAPPENED...?

"SUPPOSE YOU TELL
US, RAMON," SPIDER-
MAN SUGGESTS.

HALTINGLY, RAMON BEGINS
TO SPEAK, AND AS HE
SPEAKS, HIS FACE CLEARS
COMPLETELY... AND HIS VOICE
GAINS STRENGTH, AND
POWER...



"WE WERE GONG TO
THE HOT SPOT--
A DISCO UP NEAR
WHERE I LIVE--"



"THERE WAS ME,
EDDIE AND TAKI--
TWO BUDDIES
OF MINE."

"WE'D NEVER
SEEN IN THE
PLACE BEFORE,
BUT IT LOOKED
ALL RIGHT--"



"--UNTIL
SOME
GOONS
GRABBED
US--"



"--MUSCLE-FREAKS WHO
DRAGGED US TO A BACK
ROOM--"



"--WHERE THIS FOURTH FREAK
STARTED TALKING AT US, HANDING
US SOME REAL JIVE--"

"I COULDN'T SEE MUCH
OF HIM--BUT HE WAS
WEARIN' SOME
KIND OF GOLD
SUIT--"



"--AND HE HAD THIS WEIRD-LOOKING
CAN."

"HE
SPRAYED
SOMETHING
ON US--"



"--AND WATER
THAT WAS THE
LAST I KNEW."





--NOW, IT'S LUCKY I DECIDED TO COME BY THE OFFICE BEFORE TURNING IN.

MAYBE IT'S CAP. MAYBE HE--

BRANGG!



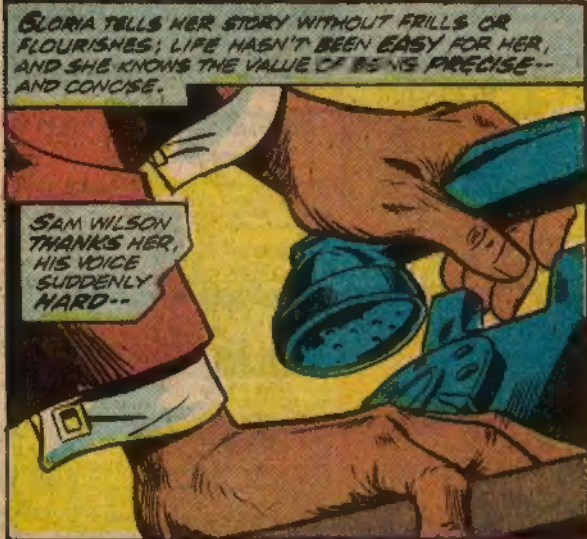
NO, THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS NOW, WILSON.

PROBABLY, IT'S SOME POOR MOTHER WHO'S SON--

HELLO? SAM WILSON SPEAKING.



MR. WILSON, YOU DON'T KNOW ME-- BUT MY NAME'S GLORIA GRANT, AND I HAVE SOME INFORMATION YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO PASS ON--



GLORIA TELLS HER STORY WITHOUT FRILLS OR FLOURISHES; LIFE HASN'T BEEN EASY FOR HER, AND SHE KNOWS THE VALUE OF BEING PRECISE-- AND CONCISE.

SAM WILSON THANKS HER, HIS VOICE SUDDENLY HARD--



--AND WHEN HE TURNS TO FACE THE ROOM WHERE HE'S WORKED TO SAVE LIVES FOR SO MANY YEARS--

--HIS EYES ARE HARD, TOO!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A TIP LIKE THIS FOR WEEKS.

THAT GIRL'S BROTHER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOT SPOT--




--AND THAT'S ALL I NEED.

REDWING! GOT TIRED OF WAITING OUTSIDE, MY FRIEND?



DON'T WORRY-- YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT ANY LONGER.

IT'S TIME WE BOTH SPREAD OUR WINGS AGAIN, REDWING--



--IT'S TIME FOR
THE FALCON
TO FLY!

HE STANDS
POISED; HIS LEGS
TENSE, THROW
HIM FORWARD...

--AND LIKE THE BIRD
AFTER WHICH HE'S NAMED,
HE SWOOPS THROUGH
THE NIGHT-DARK STREETS,
REDWING AT HIS SIDE--

--FLYING
WEST
ACROSS
THE
GHETTO--

--UNTIL, MINUTES
LATER, HE ARRIVES
AT HIS DESTINATION--

--SIMULTANEOUSLY
WITH ANOTHER
CHARACTER IN OUR
CORPULENT CAST--!

FUNNY
FOR A
MOMENT
THERE--

--I THOUGHT I SAW
SOMEONE FLY
PAST ME.

MAYBE
THOR HANGS
OUT THIS WAY--
OR THE SUB-
MARINER.

ANYWAY,
IT
DOESN'T
MATTER--

--NOT
WHEN I'M
SNEAKING INSIDE.

SPIDER-MAN ISN'T THE ONLY
ONE ENTERING THE HOT SPOT
IN A LESS THAN CONSPICUOUS
MANNER...

THE FALCON
HAS FOUND
THE SIDE
ENTRANCE--

SERV
ENTR
DELIVER

AND, AS HE PRO-
CEEDS DOWN ONE
SET OF DARKENED
CORRIDORS--

--OUR WEB-
SLINGING HERO
CRAWLS DOWN
ANOTHER--

--BOTH HEROES DOING THEIR
BEST TO MOVE SILENTLY--AND
REMAIN UNNOTICED, RIGHT
UP TO THE ULTIMATE MOMENT,
WHICH COMES, OF COURSE--

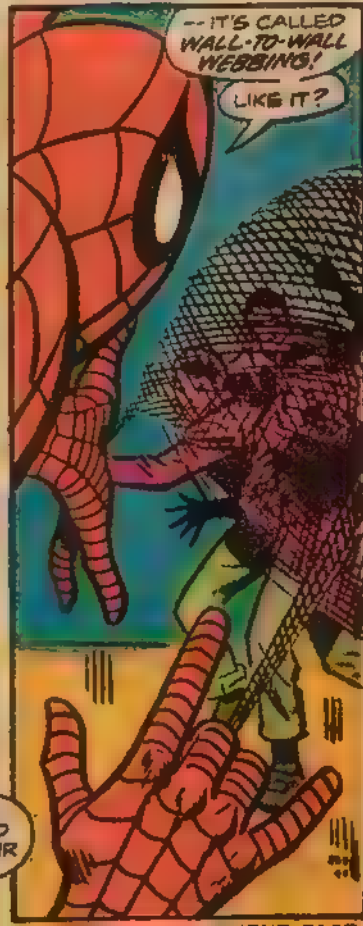
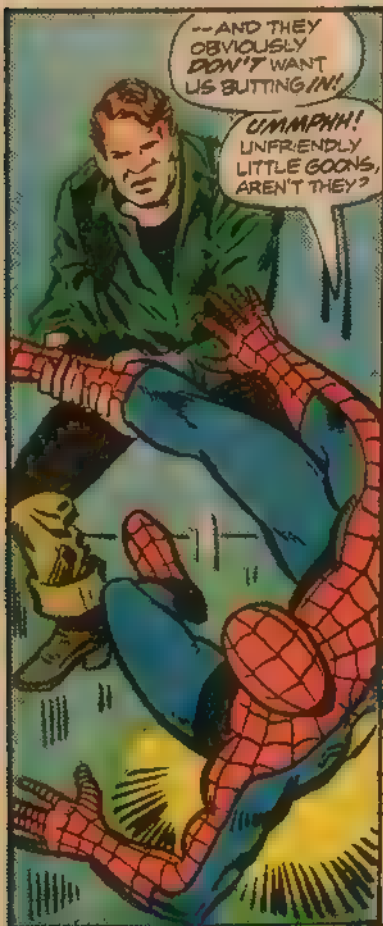
NOW!

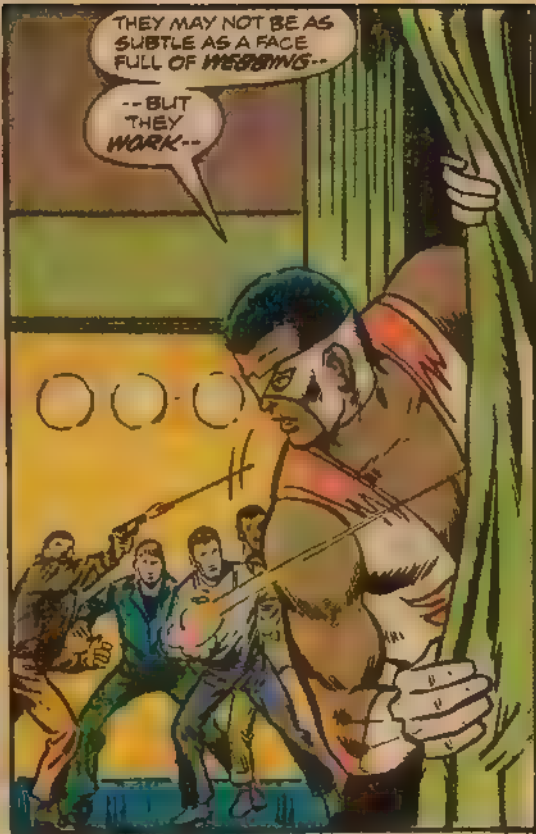
HUH?

SPIDER-MAN?
YOU--PART OF
THIS?

MAGNIFICENT!
THEY'RE STARTLED--
CONFUSED!

GO AFTER
THEM, FOOLS!
INDAS COMMANDS
IT! KILL
THEM!





WHO? OH--THE
CREEP WHO'S
BEEN DRUGGING
THOSE KIDS.

HIS NAME IS MIDAS, WEB-SLINGER...AND
I'VE BEEN HUNTING HIM FOR WEEKS.

HE'S PLAYING SOME SORT OF
SICK GAME WITH THE KIDS IN
THIS GHETTO--GETTING THEM
HOOKED AGAINST THEIR WILL--

--AND I PLAN
TO STOP IT, IF
I CAN.

YOU CAN, FALC--
I'D LAY ODDS
ON IT.

--SO WHY DON'T WE
JUST PUT THE QUESTION
TO THESE THUGS, AND
FIND OUT WHO
THAT JOKER IS.

DO YOU TELL
ME NOW, FALC--
OR AFTER I
REARRANGE
YOUR FACE?

AFTER ALL, I
SPEAK THE
LANGUAGE

WHOEVER
OWNS THIS PLACE
IS PROBABLY
CONNECTED
TO MIDAS--

I DO--DON'T
KNOW
NUTHIN'--!

SLOW DOWN,
SPIDER-MAN.
LEAVE IT TO ME.



YOU KNOW
SOMETHING, FALC--
I GUESS YOU DO



DONE.

THE GUY'S
NAME IS
MERRI-
WELL.

THE MERRIWELL?
HARRISON J.
MERRIWELL?

ARE THERE
ANY OTHERS?

I GUESS
NOT, BUT
DON'T YOU
UNDER-
STAND--?



MERRIWELL IS THE ORIGINAL
"BLEEDING HEART LIBERAL."

HE AND HIS FAMILY
PRACTICALLY CREATED
THE WHOLE PHILANTHRO-
PIC FOUNDATION
CONCEPT--

--IF
THERE'S ANY-
ONE WHO'S
LESS LIKELY
TO DO WHAT
MIDAS
DOES--

IT'S
HARRISON
MERRIWELL!

"THE WORLD IS FULL OF STRANGE
PEOPLE, SPIDER-MAN," THE
FALCON POINTS OUT; AND, RE-
BUFFED, SPIDEY IS SILENT AS
HE LEADS THE FALCON TO THE
CONNECTICUT SUBURBS--

--WHERE THEY FIND, AN HOUR
LATER--

--THE
MERRIWELL
ESTATE.

IF I REMEM-
BER CORRECTLY,
MERRIWELL
LIVES HERE
WITH HIS
BROTHER.

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE HAVING
A PARTY.

HOW DO YOU
WANT TO
HANDLE THIS?

CLOAK AND
DAGGER, OR--

WHY DON'T
WE TRY
THE "OR?"

CHINGCHIME

YES? DO YOU HAVE AN
INVITATION TO--OH, MY!

WE'D LIKE
TO SEE MR.
MERRIWELL,
PLEASE--?

OH,
MY!

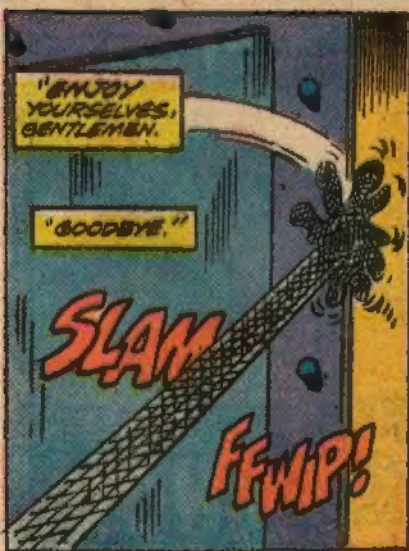
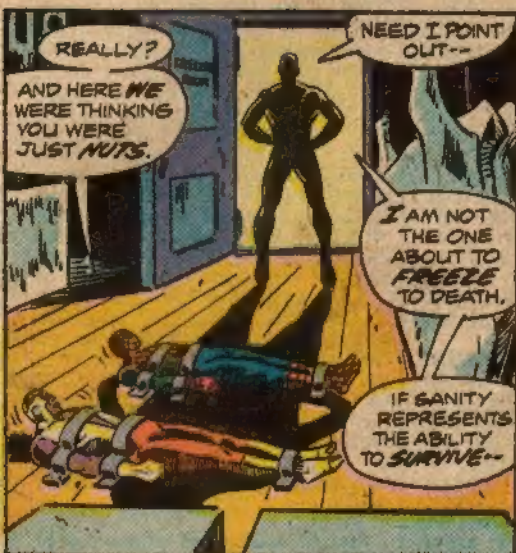
NOT BAD, EH? IF WE'D
BROU--
ALONG, WE MIGHT HAVE
HAD SOME TROUBLE.


AS IT IS, THIS
WAS AS
EASY AS--

--ROLLING
OFF A
LLLLLUUHHH-
GGGGHHH


KLUON!

KWAK!





"THIS FLUID ALSO HAPPENS TO EXPAND IN EXTREME COLD, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER FLUID.."




ONLY MY WEB-FLUID HAS THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF STEEL.

WHEN IT EXPANDS ENOUGH--

BLOODEY! NO MORE DOOR!

AND IF WE FREEZE TO DEATH FIRST?




I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T NOTICE THAT LITTLE DRAW-BACK.

"I ESTIMATE WE'VE GOT ANOTHER TWO MINUTES BEFORE WE BECOME POPSICLES!"


FREEZE



FREEZER CONTROL



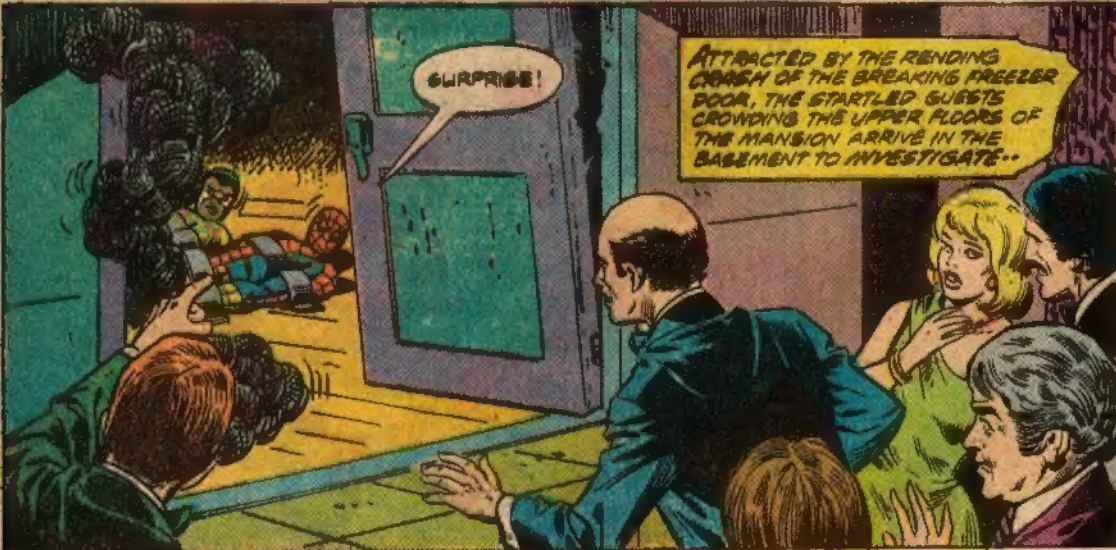
"WITH ANY LUCK, THE DOOR SHOULD BREAK APART IN ONE MINUTE FIFTY SECONDS."



I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE, SPIDER-MAN.

RIGHT NOW, THE MUSCLES IN MY FACE FEEL LIKE LUMPS OF ICE.

ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS OF THIS, AND I'LL--



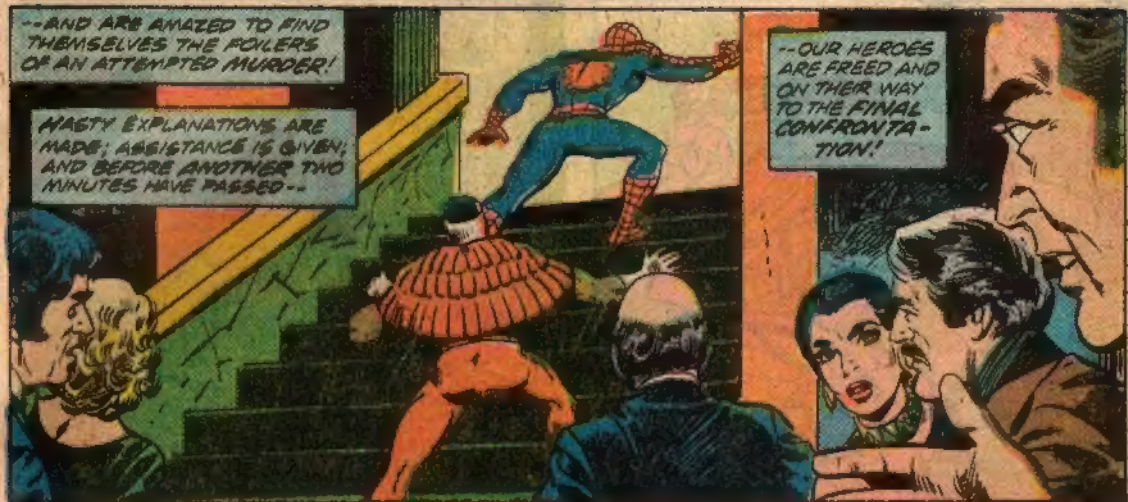
SURPRISE!

ATTRACTED BY THE RENDING CRASH OF THE BREAKING FREEZER DOOR, THE STARTLED GUESTS CROWDING THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE MANSION ARRIVE IN THE BASEMENT TO INVESTIGATE--

--AND ARE AMAZED TO FIND THEMSELVES THE FOILERS OF AN ATTEMPTED MURDER!

HASTY EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE; ASSISTANCE IS GIVEN; AND BEFORE ANOTHER TWO MINUTES HAVE PASSED--

--OUR HEROES ARE FREED AND ON THEIR WAY TO THE FINAL CONFRONTATION!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? THIS IS A PRIVATE--

SPIDER-MAN? THE FALCON?

MALCOLM, DID YOU INVITE THEM?

IN A WAY, I SUPPOSE HE DID, MR. MERRIWELL.

YOUR BROTHERS A PRETTY ACTIVE GUY...



IN FACT, IT'S AMAZING NOBODY EVEN KNOWS HE'S ALIVE-- CONSIDERING HOW ACTIVE HE REALLY IS.

OR-- MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE'S SO ACTIVE.

AM I RIGHT... MIRS?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HARRISON, ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM TALK TO ME THAT WAY--?



HARRISON DOESN'T HAVE A CHOICE, MALCOLM.

YOU'RE THE MAN WHO'S MADE A CHOICE-- I YOU MADE IT WHEN YOU BECAME JEALOUS OF YOUR BROTHER'S REPUTATION.

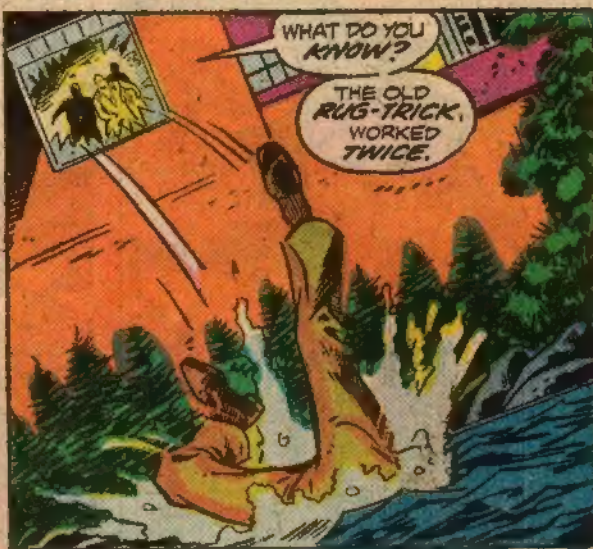


THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, ISN'T IT, MALCOLM? FIRST THE JEALOUSY..

--THEN, THE DECISION TO DO SOMETHING?

LET GO OF ME--!





NEXT ISSUE: SPIDEY AND IRON FIST FOR A FEW FISTS MORE!

ALL YOURS-- BECAUSE YOU ASKED FOR IT FOOM-FOLLOWERS!